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Occasional Verses



Maude Clark Hough

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DEDICATION

A LOVING THOUGHT.

A loving thought is a flower
That ever grows in grace and power,
It fades not away in one short hour.

So the good thoughts that we send
To an acquaintance or a friend,
Will live in our hearts until the end.

A loving thought is like a rose,
It scatters fragrance as it goes,
It blesses both its friends and foes.

Within the heart that gave it birth,
Will blossom flowers to fill the earth;
It stays our sorrow, adds to mirth.

As here and there love's light shines clear,
It serves to draw God's children near,
Its presence banishes all fear.

If we, Love's children, far should stray,
Like stars in heav'n, Love points the way
Unto that One Eternal Day.

ASSURANCE.

In the dark I groped about,
Searching for a clear way out;
Misery and woe were mine—
Soft, I heard a Voice Divine,

"This way, child, 'come unto me,'
I will help and comfort thee!
Yes, the way seems dark, 'tis true,
But trust thou Me, begin anew!"

GRATITUDE.

What if the rose when it did bloom,
Should keep from us her sweet perfume?
What if the bird, when grown to song,
Should silent be, nor right the wrong?

Oh, let our hearts in earnest praise
Reflect the Sun of Truth's bright rays;
And ever as we journey on,
Let gratitude be our one song.

A PERFECT DAY.

Words adapted to melody of Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

When you come to the end of a Perfect Day,
A day in the Courts of the Lord;
You think on the Christ, That Flaming Ray
Of Truth, that we call His Word!
Do you think that the end of This Perfect Day
Can come where there is no Night?
For the sun shines on, it is always Day
When we know Him, our Lord and Light!

When will we know of this Perfect Day,
The Day that will never end?
It will come to our hearts and silent sway
Our lives, till they meet and blend,
And we are at one with That Perfect Love
Which sends us our every need!
So we pray for a Vision from above,
That we may see and heed!

So then we may learn of That Perfect Day,
And live in its Light and sing
One glad song in our hearts and pray
That we hide 'neath His Shelt'ring Wing!
For the night with its shadow and its fear,
Though ours for a little space,
Has faded away, and the Dawn is here,
When we see Him face to face!

THE SMILE OF GOD.

All nature sings in joyous tune,
The birds and flowers know 'tis June;
The sky is brighter now to me,
Because I love all things and see
 Therein the smile of God.

The rose a gentle perfume sends
Upward to meet the sun and blends
Into pure ecstasy of bliss,
As rose and sunshine meet and kiss—
 It is the smile of God.

And rarer, sweeter yet than all,
The sight of baby face so small,
So tender and so fair a rose—
A rare rosebud, indeed, that grows
 Within the smile of God!

JESUS, THE CHRIST.

Out of the great deep heart of the world,
To bless all mankind, one life was hurled,
That through His conquering, all our fears
Might vanish like a mist of tears,
Before the Law of Good!

From out the heart of pure Mother-Love,
God sent His Son, on earth to prove,
That if we love, and loving, trust,
We prove His laws are ever just,
If they are understood!



WHEN? A REVERIE.

When will our sins and sorrows cease,
Our hearts be full of joyous peace?
When we behold Our Saviour Dear
As when He left this earth so drear!
Divine Reflection of the Truth!
Whose life was given from His youth,
To living so that we might see
The beauties of Eternity!

When will our eyes behold but Good,
Forget the ills of mortal brood?
The day we learn to follow Him
Whose Light the world can never dim;
So that our lives may always shine,
Reflect, in part, the Life Divine,
And follow in the path He trod,
The one highway that leads to God!

THE WINDS OF GOD.

As I stand midst the ways of men,
I suddenly seem to see
The inward working of my ken—
“The Winds of God” blow ’bout me.

’Tis as though a pungent odor,
Like the fragrance of a rose,
Comes a drifting on a white cloud—
Thus “The Wind of God” when it blows.

’Tis as though a little child
Open’d wide his arms to love you;
’Tis as though our dear Lord smiled—
“The Winds of God” blow soft and true.

’Tis as though when clouds have been,
And the sun bursts forth in light,
Things we never before have seen
Shine forth—“The Winds of God” are MIGHT!

THE WIND'S LULLABY.

Out of the far and far away,
The wind sails by us every day;
It comes from out the cloud-filled sky,
And softly croons a lullaby.

Over the hills of God it sails,
Gently caressing hills and vales;
Softly it sings the world to sleep,
The stars a silent vigil keep.

All night long it doth gently blow,
Swaying the tree-tops to and fro;
Crooning a lullaby to the flow'rs
All through the quietly restful hours.

And when the night is nearly done,
God sends a message by the sun,
And flower and bird, vale and hill,
Awake and sing, it is His will.

A QUERY AND AN ANSWER.

Is ever regret more acute and will not down
Than when in haste or anger we have sorrow sown?
Oh, if we only realized, half understood,
The real downright meaning of our brotherhood!

Is there a grief more poignant than just to know
That we have missed a chance, sent us here below,
To help some wayward brother find the upward way,
Or passed idly by some sister gone astray?

Is there anything more pitiful under the sun,
Than a love that is not wanted after once won?
Or a pain more awful, or harder to bear,
Than the knowledge that the ONE HEART has
ceased to care?

Oh, if love only lived in each heart the same,
And if sorrow was known to us only by name,
Could we then understand, would we know half as
well,
How to deal with a soul with a sorrow to tell?

If we pause in our journey to help some one up,
If we pause to give some one a drink from our cup,
Then our own sorrow, mayhap, the Savior will cure,
And our own burdens carry, while love shall endure.

If out of our trials we build Him an altar,
If we would keep striving and never should falter,
Then angels would 'tend us in all of our ways,
Our weeping be turned into sweet songs of praise.

Oh, then let me urge you—begin, dear, today—
And find in another some sorrow to stay;
And build Him an altar, with stones of good deeds,
With kind acts for flowers—for sin is but weeds.

And then, at the last, dear, when it is complete,
You'll find that the pathway was trod by His feet;
That all of your tears have watered the ground,
And flowers now grow, where before none were
found.

If we learn in a lifetime a little of love;
If we give as we journey wherever we rove,
Of the love that the Savior, so gentle, so pure,
Lived here and taught us, then Heaven is sure.

WE HATE HIM WE WRONG.

"We hate him that we wrong"—
True, but YOU never injured ME!
And while the years hang heavily
I can't forget your song.

The proverb may be true,
But I am God's own perfect child—
His express image, likeness, good—
I ne'er was seen by you.

The thing you saw, and hate,
Is but a mortal counterfeit
That has no being, yet nor life,
It knows not time nor date.

I can not say just when,
But in God's own sweet way, I know,
My soul shall rise above all sin—
I shall be born again.

And all this mire and dust
Will vanish into nothingness,
And I shall see you face to face,
Apart from sin and lust.

Until that day is here,
Oh, tender, lovingly, I pray,
"God keep you in His care, dear one,
And that thou hold Him dear."

THE HUMAN HEART.

The human heart is a vile thing,
Its workings mostly are unseen,
And mostly, too, they are unclean
Which leave a hateful, hurtful sting!

In outward routine of daily life,
We may be honest, calm, serene—
But inwardly—if known, I ween,
'Twere one turmoil of seething strife!

The carnal mind, our worldly thought,
Must yield some day to Christly love,
And wilful, wicked thoughts that rove
With fierce, unruly actions fraught,

Must learn that God in Heaven above,
Is Power, and Peace without an end;
And to His children does not send
A single thought except His Love!

IN THE SPRING.

In the spring,—oh, in the spring,—
I don't want to do a thing,
 I seem to be so lazy!
The winter long, things went all wrong,
But now I want to sing a song,
 The past is always hazy!
I only know I see no snow;
The south wind doth so softly blow
 It sets my nerves a thrilling.
I see the bees, the birds, the trees,
The very grass that's on the leas,
 Their destiny fulfilling.
Then why should I, who am more high,
Have just to work, and work and sigh?
 Their work doesn't seem to bore 'em!
It is because of man-made laws,
In which men seek for some applause
 For fear we might ignore 'em.

LOVE'S INVITATION.

Oh softly, gently as the dew,
Refreshing and uplifting too,
Love fills the heart!

Time was—as in the glaring sun,
We doubted if the love would come—
Oh never doubt!

Loving, serving each the other,
Children of one Father-Mother,
We learn in part

That if Love reigns, our lives are full
Of happiness—no day is dull,
With hands held out!

Love calls to us, "Come unto Me,
I'll rest and comfort give to thee,
Oh tarry not!"

From all thy sorrows and thy woes,
From so-called friends and open foes,
Love makes you free!

And so, no matter what thy sin,
Thou canst with Love anew begin,
Thy sin forgot!

HELP ME, LORD!

Help me put all self aside,
Help me lose all selfish pride;
Help me too, the thing to do,
That clears the way for broader view.

Oh, let me be a channel true,
Where love may run and find anew
The hearts that now have wandered wide,
That seek in GILT their GOLD to hide!

Oh, may my life some other aid!
Oh, hide me Lord, beneath Thy Shade!
Not for myself, I ask of thee,
But that Thy children then may see

That Thy bestowals all are free
To all mankind, eternally;
And naught but wilful, wrong desire
Can quench Thy purifying fire!

Savior, help us help each other,
Father, Mother, Sister, Brother,
Stranger, yes and kith or kin—
Just to keep Thy love within!

A MORNING PRAYER.

May be sung to "The Rosary."

Another day has come to me,
Dear Father, help me just to see
What Thou wouldst have me do and be
Today, and through eternity!

And, oh, if through this one sweet day,
My footsteps e'en should seem to stray,
Dear Father, help me find the way
To that eternal, perfect day!

And though I wander far, Thy love
Will bring me back from where I rove;
And every stain of sin remove,
And guide me safe to Heaven above!

THY NAME I BLESS, AN EVENING PRAYER.

May be sung to "Rosary."

Thy name I bless, oh Lord, my King,
My song to Thee in praise I bring;
Oh, grant that I may live each day, dear Lord,
Nor sin by thought, nor deed, nor word!

Oh teach me how to watch and pray,
That I may keep the righteous way,
And never from Thy love depart,
Encourage Thou my heart!

And when at last, the night draws near,
I trust Thy love, I know no fear;
Believing that Thy Son's great love, dear Lord,
Will strengthen, keep and guide,—Thy goodness
prove!

WHEN I THINK OF YOU.

I think of you whene'er it rains,
I think of you when day first stains
 The mountain tops!
I think of you when lamps are lit,
I think of you when shadows flit
 At close of day!
I think of you when I'm alone,
I'd think of you, if I were stone,
 Until time stops!
I think of you, dear, every night,
I think of you with all my might,
 Whene'er I pray!
I think of you so often, dear,
I think it is your voice I hear,
 When birds do sing!
I think of you when I'm at work,
I think of you, in Court or Kirk,
 Oh, love of mine!
I think of you when I'm at play;
The thought of you will sorrow stay,
 And comfort bring!
I think of you, dear, more and more,
I'll think of you, on Golden Shore,
 With Love Divine!

TO MY MOTHER.

When I was a little girl
I used to wish my hair would curl
Like Mother's!

When I grew to be a wife,
I tried to make my married life
Like Mother's!

Then when I learned to bake,
I tried to make my pie and cake
Like Mother's!

And when children came to me,
I tried my best to make them be
Like Mother's!

If grand-children come to me,
I hope and pray that they will be
Like Mother's!



TO MY FATHER.

On his birthday, upon sending him my "A Morning Prayer."

In memory of thy guiding hand,
These words to thee I send.
In love thou didst always me command,
That I now comprehend!
And if, as through life's vale I stray
Success attends my humble way,
To thee, and her who is thy wife,
I owe then, more than life!

WHEN MY GRAN'MA COMES.

Written after a visit with my granddaughter, Dorothy Butler,
aged 2.

I'm always glad when Gran'ma's here,
For when I'm bad, she says, "Come here,"
'Nd then she tells me lots of things,
I get so good, I 'most sprout wings!

She don't talk cross, nor does she scold—
(I'm goin' be like her when I'm old—)
But she jus' smiles an' makes you feel
You want to clap your han's an' squeal

Because you feel so good inside!
(Your naughty thoughts all run an' hide)
Sometimes I think if she'd jus' stay,
I could be good 'most ev'ry day!

'Nd then at night, when I'm undressed,
Both nurse and mamma are distressed,
Because my eyes—they won't stay shut—
She puts me down, 'nd I STAY PUT!

'Cause then she gets a comfy chair,
An' sings to me while she sits there,
An' tells me stories. I 'most see
Angels comin' to talk to me!

'Nd all the night I sleep an' rest,
So I can play an' grow my best—
An' that's why I'm so glad she's here,
An' wish each day was 'bout a year!

Lovingly dedicated to Belle Maxwell Cain.

DOROTHY UPON BEING ASKED ABOUT HER SISTER.

I have a little sister,
Virginia is her name;
And it's goin' to be 'ist her
And me to play this game!
And when I get some candy,
And she hasn't any at all,
I give her the first piece handy
Unless it is too small.

She's awful sweet an' cunnin',
And when she gets hurted, whee,
You ought to see me runnin'
Cause I know that she loves me—
And I put my arms 'round her,
And hold her tight and I say
That I'm so glad I found her,
'Cause I needed her to play!

MR. LOUIS K. WHITCOMB,
March 6th, 1913.

Sixty-one years, did some one say,
Forty-five years at regular pay?
So much of service, so much of love,
Both to the company and Him above.

In all these years as time has flown,
The men and you have closer grown;
And now when near three score and ten,
We find you "friend" to all good men.

We pray for you as years go by,
They leave you strong and clear of eye;
May all you do add good to good
To make more plain our brotherhood.

TO MY DAUGHTER, ON HER EIGHTEENTH
BIRTHDAY.

My own dear little girl
Amid life's busy whirl,
Let this ever be in mind;
That if you will be just
To yourself, as you must,
Then, my dear, you will find
That sweet mercy freely grows,
Fair fragrant as a rose,
If Love the Gard'ner is!
So serene, you may wait,
Be it early or late,
That the harvest be His!

TO MY SON, ON HIS FOURTEENTH BIRTH-
DAY.

Dear, sonny boy,
May you have joy
Through all the coming years;
May you meet life
With less of strife,
And find the hope that cheers!

TO MY SON'S WIFE, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Our dear little girl,
With the blue, blue eyes,
I pray that each day
Bring you some glad surprise!
And may each day
As the years move along,
Be closed at night
With a gladsome song!

TO MILLA RUTH CLARK, UPON RECEIPT OF
HER BIRTHDAY PHOTOGRAPH.

Dear Milla Ruth,
Yes—of a truth
The photo is quite splendid;
And by your face
We all can trace
You're from your Dad descended!

We wish you joy
Without alloy;
Good will supply your need!
And may you know
That as you sow,
So shall you reap indeed!

TO MRS. H. E. DYSON UPON HER RETURN
FROM A TRIP.

We've missed you dear,
Since you've been gone—
The days appear
Uncommon long!

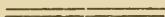
We need you dear,
To make the crowd
That congregates
The gloom to shroud!

TO MY HUSBAND.

Oh, sweetheart mine, the live long day,
I plan to have things "just your way,"
In all that I may say or do,
The motive is—my love for you!

And when the day is nearly done,
I watch the slow declining sun,
This to myself I always say,
As our children come in from play,

"Sing, oh my heart, thy lord is near,
He comes apace his own to cheer!"
My heart grows warm, as I wait the while,
And I greet my love with a tender smile!



TO MY HUSBAND.

Thou art all the world to me,
In thee I put my trust.
Dost know, dear, why I love thee?
It is because I must!

Thy nature is so noble,
Thy faith in me so deep,
That slander's tongue I fear not,
If but thy love I keep!

And when sorrow comes to me,
I always want to lie
Within thy arms, and tell thee
My troubles,—then they fly!

TO MY COUSINS, HELEN AND CARROLL DAY.

Two years ago today,
You children ran away.

"Until death do us part,
I will be your sweetheart;
Until life's shadows fall,
Love shall hold me in thrall!"

Thus did the promise run.
A new life was begun,
And all that went before
Was as some distant shore!

Paled before love's noonday light,
Things that happened yester-night!
All the world you count well lost,
E'en though your lives be tempest tossed,
If each the other heart holds dear!

Together then, no ill you fear,
But calmly face the world and know,
That you will garner as you sow!

TO DOROTHY DAY, BORN JUNE 30TH.

Little girl, we send you greeting,
You, who came the last of June!
If we must postpone our meeting,
Please have your picture taken soon!

We want to see your rosebud face,
That we may see just how you look,
All bundled up in lawn and lace!
When will you have your picture "took"?

TO MARION DAY EMERSON, ON HIS BIRTH-
DAY.

Here's to your health,
May you have wealth
And know how to use it!
May joy be yours,
While life endures,
And work—do not refuse it!

Then peace will come,
And bless your home,
And make each day worth while.
Meet every care,
From any where
And melt it with a smile!

Then look for aid
Within His Shade,
No need to look elsewhere—
The Law of Good
When understood,
Will answer every prayer!

TO GRACE DUDLEY.

On this, your birthday, Grace,
Let us hope no sign or trace
Of sorrow e'er be yours!
But if it come your way,
Just face about and say,
"Naught but good endures!"

'Tis courage, dear, that counts;
Fear stops the very founts
Of all that's good and true!
Perfect Love casts out all fear,
Our Father, Grace, is always near,
And He will strengthen you!

I wish you every good,
May peace and plenty brood
Above your head always;
And may you always feel,
If it be woe or weal,
'Tis only good that stays!

TO MY PRINTER, J. F. PONDER, WITH SHEE-
GOG PRINTING COMPANY, DALLAS.

I hereby wish much good to thee,
I hope you wish the same to me!
And, as the days go by this year,
The work we do, will many cheer!

And while 'tis mine to think and write,
You give the world what I indite;
And though the future still is hid,
I'm thankful for the good you did!

So, let's resolve to help each other,
And patient be with sister, brother;
Then, if we live thus every day,
'Twill be glad New Year all the way!

TO WALLACE J. STEVENSON, JR.

Dear little lad,
We're very glad,
That you have come to town;
May sunshine bright
E'er give you light,
Nor low'ring clouds e'er frown!

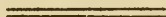
And now we pray,
That every day
You'll be a little wiser,
So when you're grown,
It will be shown,
You know as much as the Kaiser!

And, oh, you should
Be very good—
Also obedient ever,
Unto your Father,
Likewise your Mother—
Then you'll be happy forever!

TO MY HUSBAND, ON OUR TWENTY-
SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

I am thinking of you—
'Tis half past two,
And mem'ry is astir;
Just twenty two years,
We joined hopes and fears—
Such children then we were!

The years have touched you lightly,
Your eye still shines as brightly
As when you courted me;
And always do I pray, dear heart,
That if the time comes we must part,
We wake to love eternally.



TO. MRS. J. E. LUDLOW, AT BREAKFAST
GIVEN BY PENWOMEN AS FAREWELL.

Mrs. Ludlow, they say
You are going away,
And I am downright sorry,
These "together years"
Of smiles and tears,
Will ended be "tomorry!"

So just let me say,
In my own poor way,
A little of what we're feeling;
This friendship verse,
Does but rehearse
How much Omaha is stealing.
"Friendship" found on page 37.

TO ELSIE JANIS, UPON SEEING HER IN
"THE SLIM PRINCESS," CHICAGO.

When Elsie plays, we laugh for joy,
We are again the girl, the boy
Who went to school, and lived out doors,
Who studied hard, and did the chores.

When Elsie plays, her winsome grace
Just seems to fill the entire place,
And all our thoughts afire do burn,
In gratitude our hearts do yearn,

Because in present day and age,
You seldom see upon the stage
Such purity, such youthful charm—
A critic cold it would disarm;

A play so clean, so bright withal,
The players, too, from large to small,
All seem to love each other so—
All say, "A most delightful show!"

TO MRS. W. L. F——. ON THE MARRIAGE OF
HER DAUGHTER.

Does your heart just seem to ache,
And the earth, too, seem to quake,
When you think upon the vow
That carried off your little girl—
Your rosebud, little girl—
Who is your's no longer now?

All the best years of your life
Spent in raising up a wife
For a boy you never knew,
Until your darling little girl—
Your tender little girl—
When he asked if he would do,

Said unto this daring youth,
"Yes, I love you, of a truth,
And will share your joy or sorrow!"
Then your courage seemed to slip,
And your heart went "skippy, skip,"
And you wished there ne'er would be a
'morrow!

But he took her just the same!
You must help them "play the game"—
Just smile and whisper to yourself,
"Some day I'll have my inning,
When another life's beginning—
In my daughter's daughter, (little elf!)"

So cast away repining—
Sorrow is not "His" designing,
And much that is of comfort still is yours;
For a son to you is added,
(Thus the Family Tree is Padded!)
And her love for you, dear, still endures!

TO CARRIETTA FULTON, ON HER WED-
DING DAY.

If the clouds of sense do darken
Face about—look to the East—
To the Thunder of Truth harken,
Fearing neither man nor beast!

The Light'ning of Understanding,
Will calm your gentle soul—
The God of our Christ commanding,
Make you every whit whole!

As you journey along together,
May the Sun of Righteousness shine
Making glorious sunny weather—
'Tis a loving wish of mine!

TO ESTELLE HUVELLE, ON HER WEDDING DAY.

If in the course of life, my dear,
It happens that you shed a tear;
This little "kerchief," you I send—
I pray you keep it close at hand!

I hope, of course, your tears will be
Caused by joyous laughter free;
Or, it may be, your tender heart
At another's woe, your tears start.

Still, my dear, I think you'll find,
Sometimes to free your burdened mind,
The tears must come! Then worry not,
But weep, my dear, and weep a lot!

But first find George, your hubby dear,
And put your head his shoulder near;
Your arms around his neck—and then?
Why weep! 'Twill cure most any pain!

Remember this and bear in mind,
In life you will most always find,
That if in HIM and "him" you trust,
The hinges to your tears will rust.

Because, you know, HIS love for you,
Gave you "his" love, so fond and true;
And if in HIM you hope the while,
You'll greet "him" always with a smile!

So when, at last, your lives are done,
The strife is o'er, the Goal is won—
You'll hear, "Thou good and faithful come!"
And angel hands will bear you home.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GROOM.

She has come at last—his wife!
She has come to fill his life
And attend him with her grace.
Let no selfish thought intrude,
But with courage strong indued,
Oh welcome her with smiling face!

A daughter now to you is given,
Nor should your heart be sorely riven,
For she does not take your place!
Naught can e'er replace a mother,
Wife, sweetheart, or any other—
He holds you both in one embrace!



TO THE MOTHER OF THE BRIDE

All the years that she's been growing,
You've been daily, hourly knowing,
Some day this joy to her would come;
In her joy, your own will double,
Trust in God will vanquish trouble,
Make a heav'n of this new home!

In her home you will realize,
Things you missed, but highly prize;
In her life, your dreams will come true;
For now you have but won a son,
And, after all is said and done,
You do not blame him, do you?

NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS.

To Miss Minnie Thompson, time-keeper, W. U. Tel. Co., Chicago.

Love is the thing you gave us all,
From early spring until the fall,
And every day. No matter the weather
Your smile was sweet, refreshing as heather,
No service too great, too small!

BEAU MONDE'S GREETING TO THE WORLD.

Fearless and fair, with calm intent,
I come to you. Awake, repent!
For all the ill that you have done,
Or the reward that you have won,
I publish unto all!

Is there some good that I may do,
Neglected duty point you to?
I count your scorn, your hate as naught,
If I can stir your torpid thought,
And lift the blinding pall!

Dedicated to Mrs. Hugh Nugent Fitzgerald, 1905.

TO MY FATHER.

We love you every day,
But take this time to say
We wish you health and peace,
And may your wealth increase!

A NEW YEAR'S REQUEST.

May I have your friendship, dear,
All throughout this one glad year?
May I feel that, though apart,
We think and live as heart to heart?

Oh, tell me, dear, and falter not,
If loneliness shall be my lot,
The separation far more drear,
Than if I saw you not this year?

For hearts adrift upon life's sea,
Seek anchor in security,
Or else they float down with the stream,
Content to idly drift and dream.

But if I KNEW your friendship true,
Were mine, I'd turn and start anew.
I'd head up-stream against all odds,
For all I am is yours, and God's.

A TOAST TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship! It is a most dear word!
So fair, so sweet, so pure, so true,
No dearer word have mortals heard;
And dear, it makes the whole world new!

In all the years that now are gone,
In every thought since time began,
Fair friendship is the word alone
Which speaks true love from man to man!

The love that falters not, but acts;
The love that knows no self but Good;
The love that stands and ne'er retracts
From highest sense of brotherhood!

What if we stand alone, distressed,
Bereft of all the world can give?
If we true friendship possessed,
'Twere joy to labor and to live!

Old friendship is a thing apart,
It stirs and stirs the human heart;
New friendships are the leav'ning pow'r
That raise us to achievement's hour!

If friendship fills your heart today,
It matters not where e'er you stray,
The loving hearts that greet you here,
Will always hold your mem'ry dear!

TO A FRIEND.

It's great to have a friend like you,
That I may take my troubles to;
To know and feel your friendship dear,
Is always mine, will comfort, cheer,
And help me live throughout the year
To be more steadfast, yes, and true.

To know that neither pride nor fear
Can harm me when your love is near;
To know that if I falter, fall,
You only wait to hear my call;
To know it matters not how small
Or great the service. Smile or tear,

You always seem to know my need,
To cheer my life, your only need,
And yet, it really seems to be,
You feel that you are helped of me;
That all the love you give so free
Rebounds to you—friendship, indeed!

For friendship is the ceaseless roll
Of loving deeds upon life's scroll;
The cement that our hearts unite,
That clean our souls and make them white.
And of this sacred thing I write—
" 'Tis little things that make the whole."

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Yes, I'll be your friend this year,
You may trust me, never fear;
For my own heart answers yours,
With a fond love that endures,
And always will be part of me!

In the months that are ahead,
In the years that now are dead,
There could never be an hour,
Not a day of shine or show'r,
But brought to me sweet thoughts of thee!

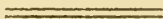
And I pray for you, dear heart,
In quiet home, or busy mart—
I pray you never falter, fall!
I will answer when you call,
And to thy light request attend!

Daily as we work along,
List'ning for the other's song,
We, at last, when work is done,
And our earthly race is run,
Will know the value of a friend!

I LOVE YOU.

In the spring, or in the fall,
 I love you!
If I live at all,
 I love you!
If asleep or awake, if a thought I take,
 I love you!

In the morning or at night,
 I love you!
Every breath I draw,
 I love you!
If I yield or I strive, if I'm dead or alive,
 I love you!



FATE.

When the rain is softly falling,
 Dear love, I think of you;
Or when in the early morning
 I walk out in the dew.

And when I gaze upon the stars,
 My thoughts to you will turn;
Oh, when at last I'm cold in death,
 For you my heart will burn!

A REVERIE.

A thousand, thousand memories,
Of little things you've said;
A thousand, thousand melodies
That once lived, now are dead.

The many loving glances, dear,
The twinkle of your eye;
The dark'ning frown I learned to fear,
Your merry laugh, your sigh—

All these and more, I ponder on
As lonely here I sit—
Why e'en the birds to rest have gone!
('Tis time the lamps were lit.)

But rest, oh, weary heart of mine;
No rest for us this night.
But hope thou on, the stars still shine,
E'en though we've lost the light.

"Hope springs eternal in the breast,"
And I still hope, dear one,
As shines the moon on yonder crest,
Love lives till life is done.

And if I may not be with you,
To feel your warm caress;
Be folded close, with love so true,
I love you none the less.

And when you think of me, dear one,
Oh, kindly, lovingly,
Recall the gentle things I've done,
And love me, dear, just me!

LOVE.

When he to whom your heart turns, smiles;
Not all the devil's worldly wiles
Could keep sweet joy away from you.

But when he frowns, the man you love,
By all that's true in skies above,
Nothing can keep the blues from you!



WHEN YOU ARE GONE.

The day is long
When you are gone;
It seems to me
That without thee
 The joy of life is done.

And thou here, love,
Not God above,
My thoughts can keep.
I only sleep
 To dream of thee, my love.

When death comes nigh,
Wilt thou be by?
I pray together
We face all weather,
 Here, and evermore on high.

MEMORIES.

Another year has come and gone;
A time of waiting and of tears;
Now, as I'm sitting here alone,
And thinking of the long past years,
I wonder not the time seems long,
And that my heart is full of pain;
For mem'ry brings me back your song—
Almost, I feel your arms again.

From out the ashes of the past,
There comes to me but tho'ts of you;
And, though the dream could never last,
The mem'ry thrills me through and through!
And so, while love still lives, dear heart,
All that is good and true of me,
The tenderness and sympathy,
Is kept alive by thought of you!

LOVE'S LAST MESSAGE.

A boon, dear heart, I ask of thee,
It is that thou wilt friendly be;
That when I, mayhap, glance thy way,
A smile may greet me night or day.

I know that we must stay apart;
I know that I have lost your heart—
But, dear, to me the past hath flown,
And my poor heart is still your own.

The pall that fell between us two,
Will always hang, tho' lost to view;
'Tis thin as gossamer, and yet
With thought of it, my eyes are wet.

For, though we both have older grown,
And though the fire of youth has flown—
Still to us both must ever come
The thought of sin, a broken home.

So, though our lives are blended ever,
'Tis thought, not distance, that will sever
And keep our paths apart for aye—
You can't forgive—I silent stay.

I WOULD I WERE A COMMON LASS.

I would I were a common lass,
That I for you might live;
Each thought to you I'd give,
Dear one, in all the years that pass.

I would that even now, dear heart,
The past, with all it means, could die—
Be blotted out of memory—
That you might live for me, sweetheart.

LONGING.

Oh, if I could but tell thee
All that lies within my heart!
Oh, if I could but whisper
With true love's undying art,
And tell thee how thy image
Does dwell ever in my mind!
'Tis always there before me—
It is borne upon the wind
That haunts the sea, the desert,
Or even yet, the city.
If thy love no longer lives,
Thy heart contains no pity.
Why, oh, why! can't I forget?
Why, why, do I love thee so?

Ah, love,—my love,—dost think then,
That because I told thee, "Go!"
That my own heart does not ache,
And my own tears do not flow?

The past is ours no longer,
And the only thought that cheers,
Is this, dear heart, "God is good—
And today is big with years
That will bring happiness."
Sometimes my heart dies in me,
And I falter. I confess
The way seems long without thee,
And I pray to hear thy voice—
Then I hear the Master call
Me, "Oh, follow and rejoice!"

I LOVE YOU SO.

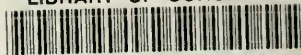
Out of a mist of weary tears,
From out the vale of many fears,
There rises now a hope, new born,
To cheer my heart, so long forlorn.

Behind that mist all hope lay dead,
To sorrow then my pathway led.
The vale is now a resting place,
The sun of joy shines on my face.

For love has come to fill my heart—
Sorrow and I now live apart.
Each day is perfect, dear, to me.
For all the day I think of thee.

The night no terror has for me,
For in my dreams I seem to see
Your face, your voice I hear, and, oh,
I love you, love you, love you so!

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